

THE
Johnson Journal



JUNE, 1951

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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EDITORIAL

MACROS OR MICROS

If your mother had cooked a wonderful meal for dinner what would you say to compliment her? "Mother, this is indeed the most wonderful, appetizing, sumptuous midday repast that I have tasted within an extended period of tempus." Or would you say, "This is a good dinner, Mom." Which do you think would please her more?

The trouble with many people is a little education is stretched a bit **too** far. In being educated we are expected to use concise "picture-words". We are not expected to build our whole vocabulary on an overworked term such as "swell". Neither are we expected to look up "Daddy Longlegs" words just to impress our friends. The path midway between has been marked beforehand by able professors of English as the best course.

Suppose you know a girl quite well and you wish to tell another friend something about her. If you are Minnie you would say, "Gee, this kid is swell. She has swell looks, and boy, what swell clothes. And she has such swell parents; they really are swell to her. I think you'll get along swell with her." But on the other hand if you are Maggie you would say, "This person about whom I'm speaking is in truth a very discriminating personage. She has the most elegant, exquisite external appearance and a fashionable mode of dress. Her

parents are extremely refined individuals. You should indeed be able to profit from her friendship."

Middie on the other hand says. "I'm very glad you'll be able to meet Grace. She is an attractive, smart-looking girl and she comes from a fine family. I think you and she will like each other as you have so much in common."

Middie's is the best description of course. As her name "Midd(ie)" suggests, she's just mid(way) between the vocabulary-lacking Minnie and Maggie with the superfluous words.

Minnie and Maggie both seem silly and stupid — — which is just the way you sound if you speak as they do. This is a warning — — beware of the macros (Daddy Longlegs words) and the micros (over-worked short words). Choose the average of the two — — the middle. I'm sure you'll put your point across and no one will yawn or giggle or point a finger and say, "Isn't he (or she) a bore?"

Joan Nery, "51"

JOHNSON: A GRAND OLD SCHOOL

In recent months there has been a great deal of talk about a new school, and many people have suddenly cast critical glances at Johnson and pulled it apart with disparaging words. It's outdated, old fashioned, inconvenient, they say. Perhaps it is, but it's much more

than that. It's friendly and informal, sympathetic and encouraging, warm-hearted and lovable.

The seniors who now are leaving can look back over their four years, and laugh at the thousands of humorous situations which arose because Johnson was "inconvenient" and thank that same inconvenience for many a chuckle which brightened their days. The time the bat visited Senior Social Science, the day the skunk huddled on the stairs, the morning the temperature in Room 15 was 34° — — all these things the Seniors will remember as one remembers the idiosyncrasies of an eccentric old uncle, loving him the more because of his peculiarities.

Yes, in spite of its short-comings, its inconveniences, its out-dated material, Johnson's a wonderful place. It's a grand old school!

Marjorie Terret, '51

IN OUR OWN BACKYARD

Since that dreadful day of June 25, 1950, many of us have been reading and hearing much about the cold, bitter war that is going on in Korea.

We don't seem to think much about it. We seem to think that Korea is far away, until the name of a person we know is in the list of those killed in action. Then the war is not so far away. It's right in our own backyard.

Or, we might skim through a magazine, such as I did, and find an editorial dealing with this brutal war. In this editorial our own backyard is used to describe Korea.

Out beyond our hedge is a hole, a dugout. We see a face and a tip of a rifle. Oh, yes! This is the face of a man ——— a man who is cold from the snow and ice, his hands frostbitten.

Let me tell you some more about this man. He has been there for

hours, guarding our house. He is cold; very, very cold. It is too hard to dig a deeper hole with frost-bitten hands, and he cannot make even a little fire to keep warm, for the enemy on the next hill might see him. He is thinking, "Gee, how nice it would be to have a hot cup of coffee. But what's the use of thinking? The rations won't be here until morning and then the coffee will be freezing cold."

As you sit comfortably by your fireplace, nice and warm and clean, what do you want to do for this man? Ask him in? Give him some hot food, a bed, a shower, some clean clothes? All of these things.

But I'm afraid he might not come in, for the enemy on the next hill wants to get to our door, and the man at the hedges has been told by his leader he must take care of our house, and not to move away.

So too, in Korea, this is just another day of a cold, rough, dirty job that the soldiers who are fighting for us are living through. Don't forget them, will you?

Nancy Burke, '54

TEEN AGE DRIVERS

As the owner and driver of an automobile, you, this year, carry on your shoulders more responsibility than ever before. No longer is it a mere question of getting into your car and going for a pleasure ride. Today there are so many automobiles on the road, racing against time, that every nerve in your body is tense just driving up a small street.

Since an automobile is one of the deadliest weapons of the modern day, it takes skill, patience, and fast thinking to drive.

This year, insurance rates have gone up for drivers under twenty-five. This is because a census shows that more accidents are caused by teenagers than any other age group.

I don't think the reason for this is that teenagers do not have the skill to drive a car, but that they don't realize the seriousness of driving. They think it is fun and big to show off when they get behind the wheel of a car. This isn't a compliment to us teenage drivers, and I think if we would stop to realize the dangers in driving, more accidents would be avoided.

In many schools driving is taught as a regular subject along with learning all the parts of a car and how it runs. This is one way to improve teenage driving. Another is for the family to take an interest in its child's driving so he can prove how well he can drive—not how fast.

Lois Haigh, '53



LITERARY

NOTHING

Nothing may seem a strange subject to choose, but it is not so strange a one as it may seem at first glance. Many compositions and articles have been written about nothing, the main difference between those and the one I am writing being that those have all gone under some other name while mine is what it claims to be. Nor is it an unworthy subject to choose. Many people have spent almost their entire lives in thinking, reading and talking about it, and in the end, as would have been impossible with any other subject of thought, know more about it than in the beginning.

The word in itself is a strange word. It is given in the dictionary as a noun, yet our definition of a noun has always been, "a noun is the name of something."

The uses of this simple subject have been various; it has been used to fill in spaces where editorials should be. It is also used as a subject of conversation between strangers heartlessly introduced and then left alone together, as the

subject for books, poems and articles when a thought is needed and there is none.

Anyone can write nothing, but some have the gift of making it seem like something, and so relieving the monotony. Fortunate are those few!

It is possible to belong to a class who are, as well as talk about, nothing. These are not so fortunate. But let us not look with scorn upon this little word that has so often served its purpose. We have all found it useful; we are all glad it exists. It would be hard to get along without it. This story is an example of it.

Dana C. Freeman, '52

SPRING

What is Spring? Spring is the season which gives way in leisurely fashion to the fullness of summer. It is the time for shedding woollens and donning cottons. It is the time of delicate white primroses, saucy orange poppies, clusters of blood-red roses, dainty lavender violets, wide-awake morning glories, and the sweet, perfume-smelling, waxy

blossoms of apple, pear, and peach trees.

Spring is the season of lacy hats and bonnets, of swirling skirts and flying tresses, of suntanned, straw-hatted, early berry pickers. It is a time for gay Easter bells on Easter morn, of red and white carnations and proud laughing lilies. It gives out the magic of the singing of the bluebird and robin, the vermilion oriole and the scarlet red-birds.

Spring is the time when tiny insects begin peeping inquisitive heads from damp grounds wet with sunny April showers. It is a season of baby carriages and long-awaited Spring vacation.

And, last but not least, Spring is the season when young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love.

Jane Morse, '52

BALLERINA

This was a magnificent performance. The ballerina, in her fleecy white dress and with her golden hair, was dancing as if she were on clouds. She was dancing before a huge mirror that cast a reflection that was even more beautiful than she herself.

Her hair, falling in long ringlets, was set off by a bright red rose. She appeared like something out of a fairy tale that was almost unbelievable. In her hand she held a harp that gave her the appearance of an angel.

She was dancing but it didn't even seem as though she was moving. She was dancing by a lake like a swan, with a big bright moon shining above. The stars were twinkling as if they had eyes and were enjoying the performance. Finally, after the dance was completed, the ballerina bowed and made her exit. I will never forget the marvelous performance given by the plastic ballerina standing on my dresser. Joan Waddington, '54

THE RETURN

Seven black arms rose and fell in easy rhythm, seven golden paddles glistened under the last rays of the dying sun, seven brawny arms dipped and fell and rose again, only to dip and fall once more; seven black faces peered intently across the wide expanse of green sea, seven pair of dark beady eyes fixed themselves on the tiny green island rising up from the ocean floor. The seven blacks heaved their chests, strained their muscles, gripped their paddles with a firm grasp, as they pushed the slender shield-bedecked canoe across the calm sea.

Seven warriors chanted and sang, heaved and sighed, strained and struggled, as they edged the canoe closer to the ever larger island steaming with the heat of the departing sun. Seven arms rose, fell and dipped; -- rose, fell and dipped; -- pushing the trim war canoe forward and closer, swift and sure. The canoe cut a white trail of foam through the green sea bordered with the tiny eddying whirlpools which marked the spot at which the seven paddles had entered the water to hurl the canoe forward -- ever forward.

Lungs strained and shoulders ached -- throats grunted and the chant grew in crescendo as the canoe slid past the coral reef, wet and black. The island, its beaches golden threads of coral sand, its jungle brown and green and its lone mountain, small and gray, sloping off eastward to the lapping waters of the Pacific was now clearly in view.

Forward across the bay, slipping past the blue waters, hiding the black, blurred shapes of fish swimming close to the reef, past the purple waters, ever changing, ever chameleonic, now green, azure, pink and yellow. Finally it raced

across the clear waters mirroring the tiny fish swimming close to the beach among the jeweled shells tossed from the sea's most secret depths. At last the blacks, with one final burst of strength, sent the canoe grinding up onto the isle and sands.

The warriors had returned.

Mary Valcourt, '52

A FLOWER IN BLACK

It was black. Not a glistening black taffeta or a smooth black silk, but a dull black faille. Linda saw it every day going to and returning from school. She never could resist pausing long enough to drink in some of its ravishing beauty.

The dress was a black strapless formal, and Linda was a fifteen year old bobby-soxer. The two really didn't go together, but Linda had set her heart on that dress.

There was another frock in the window that was pale green with a scooped neckline and a huge, billowy skirt. Linda's mother thought this dress was much more charming and practical. Linda said it was sweet, but claimed it was much too childish for the Winter Carnival which was just two weeks away.

Linda simply had to be a sensation at this dance! Most of all she wanted to shine over her rival, Daisy Hall, who was always the belle of the ball.

Everything would have been fine if Mother had the \$49.50 to pay for the gown, but Dad had said, "Positively, no!" From past experience, Linda knew he meant exactly what he said.

At four thirty on January twenty-third, Linda still didn't have enough money, but she had managed to save twenty-five dollars, a sufficient amount for the green dress with enough left over for a new pair of evening slippers.

Linda rushed to the store, determined to pay the twenty-five dollars on the black gown she adored and pay the balance in a week or two. To her dismay, a tragedy had occurred! Her dress was gone. This was something Linda hadn't expected. Finally, with a sigh of despair, she bought her second choice, tried to lift her spirits with the new pair of gold slippers, and dejectedly went home.

Two days later at the carnival, Linda was waltzing around on a cloud in the arms of Joe Duzt, her dream man, when suddenly she heard him groan, "Look! What on earth is that?" Linda turned to see Daisy descending the staircase in regal splendor, flaunting the season's newest fashion, Linda's lovely black formal. For an instant, Linda was green with jealousy, but then she remembered what Joe had just said, and heaved a sigh of sheer contentment.

A minute later Jim cut in and scoffed, "Did you see the rig Daisy's wearing?" But Linda was far, far away in a wonderful world of her own.

On that eventful evening, both Linda and Daisy were flowers at the carnival. The boys flocked around Linda like bees, and Daisy was an unhappy wallflower!

Mary Jane Lewis, '53

MY SHADOWY COMPANION

Soon after I began to walk, I met my companion. At first I didn't see him often, but as time passed we gradually became better acquainted with each other.

He was a strange fellow. Days when the bright sun glistened through the window, or nights when a blanket of darkness hung over me, I would scan the room and find him nowhere. He also mystified me by his everchanging size. Sometimes he would appear

as a huge, lanky giant, and other times as a short, stubby midget.

We soon became good friends, and for hours on end we would talk and play. Even when I had to sit in the big armchair in the living room as a penalty for my mischievous deeds he would sit patiently beside me, waiting for the moment we could hustle back to play. Then I began to wonder if he had a mind of his own, because he was always copying my moves and actions. I had many talks with him concerning this, but all he would do was politely stand and listen, and with all my efforts I could never change him.

As I grew older and made new friends, I soon forgot about my dear companion who had been so much of a buddy to me. But he never forgot me. I remember many nights when I walked down a lonely road dotted with street lights and would notice his presence beside me. I believe that my companion will be beside me through thick and thin till the day my existence in this world ends.

Donald DeAdder, '52

PEASANT WEDDING

One evening while doing my English homework, I found myself gazing aimlessly at the little clock on my bedroom wall.

The little girl in her bright peasant dress, and her partner in his trim waistcoat and knee-pants, began to dance. Fascinated, I watched them as they went through a gay gavotte. They turned, pirouetted, and bowed merrily in the gayest of peasant dances.

Apparently it was a bridal party, for the little preacher clothed in his distinguished black array appeared to stand before them.

Soon the bridesmaid, in her bright peasant attire, came forth. The solemn ceremony was over

within a short period of time, and they all danced merrily.

Suddenly the clock began to strike, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. I looked up through sleepy eyes to see the little figures standing mysteriously quiet. It was only then I realized that my delightful experience had only been a dream.

Susan Hearty, '54

A LETTER

This year while attending a summer camp, the following letter was written by a new camper:

"Dear Mom and Dad,

Please send me a few things that I forgot. They are as follows: my trunk with my clothes, my blankets, pillow, sheets, clock, flashlight, hot water bottle, and your address. The director said to bring a fountain pen so send that, too.

The director said to be careful because there was poison ivy in back of cabins 13, 14, 15. So a friend and I went looking for some, but all we found were some pretty shiny leaves. That night we both began to itch on our hands and feet. The counselor took us down to the "Doc" and he told us that we had poison ivy.

Love,
Bob

P. S. Tell the director that I'm here."

Richard Burnham, '54

CATASTROPHE IN THE KITCHEN

Snap!

The maid had locked the kitchen door and climbed very noisily up the stairs. Everything was quiet until a slamming of a door was heard.

Danny Dustpan jumped up and yawned loudly, much to the disgust of Betty the Broom. Danny's yawn aroused the other members of the

kitchen family. They were all looking especially shiny, which reminded Danny that tonight was the long-awaited night. For weeks the kitchen-ware had been waiting for this night. They were having a square dance.

The instruments were beginning to sound and the dancers took their places on the metal-topped table. Sammy Sinkdrain called the dances loudly for a long time. Every one was having fun when suddenly, crash! Delia Dish and Frankie Fork tumbled to the floor pulling Delia's partner with them. No one could look for a minute, but when they did, all they saw was a pile of china.

A clatter of steps was heard on the stairs and the maid came in. All the dancers had jumped back into their places. Danny watched silently while the cat was thrown out the door. The maid left the broken dishes and tiptoed back to bed; and to this day she doesn't know that the cat was innocent of the catastrophe in the kitchen.

Jane Dineen, '54

A TRIP TO MARS

One day, while I was sitting on the front porch, a gust of wind swept me into the air. I was carried upward at a great speed which I later found was caused by being aboard a jet carpet.

When my astonishment subsided, I looked around. I found I had company -- a little creature with one eye and three propellers on a rod which emerged from his very bald head. I was amazed but I asked him where we were going. In perfect English he informed me we were on a trip to Mars. Mars, the mysterious land of which we earth people had heard so much.

By means of the great speed maintained by the jet carpet, we landed with a swish on a jelly-like

substance which was the foundation of the planet Mars. There were great trees and rich vegetation on it. The colors of flowers and fruits were a marvel to see; nothing on earth could equal their majestic splendor.

The people were all like my carpet companion, and most of them traveled on smaller carpets, which seemed to be controlled by the propellers on their heads. I found the principal occupation on the planet was the manufacturing of these carpets which were made by taking small stars out of the sky and cutting them up into thin squares; then two comets were welded to the squares and presto -- you had a jet carpet.

The center of the stars were used for food which had a delicious flavor. At night, jugs were filled with milk from the Milky Way.

I was enjoying myself immensely with good food and entertainment when with a swish I found myself on my own front porch. Unfortunately I cannot convince any earthly creature that I had not fallen asleep in the warm spring sun.

John Kilcourse, '54

IS IT WORTH IT?

Slowly we climbed higher and higher and still higher. Why was I ever talked into this dreadful thing? Oh, but I couldn't go back now; I'd just have to face it bravely. I wasn't afraid; please don't get that idea. It's just -- well -- I'd rather not.

Oh, here comes the top. It won't be bad, just think of all the other people who have done it. I'm probably only one out of a million. I tried to pretend it was just like skiing, but my attempts were futile.

We approached the top and went down in a flash; that is I went down but my stomach stayed at the top. Around we swung, then up again, down again through a long dark

tunnel, and then stopped quickly.

The roller-coaster ride was over. And that's what you get for twenty-five cents.

Alice Dolan, '53

CALIFORNIA BOUND

I have only made one long automobile trip in my life, and that one was really long! Two years ago in June, my mother, my aunt, my cousin, and I all climbed into a not-too-new Ford and headed west for California. I can still remember my excitement on the day we left. There I was, about to start a three thousand mile, cross-country adventure!

By some miracle, all four of us managed to squeeze into the faithful Ford and arrange ourselves fairly comfortably around the assorted baggage and a perfectly enormous pile of records belonging to my cousin that was stacked in the back seat. Finally "Liz", the Ford, started out on the long journey with her heavy load.

We all settled back to relax and watch the scenery, thinking that only smooth sailing lay ahead. We learned just how wrong we were in a surprisingly short time!

Not being experienced cross-country travelers, we did not know that the first rule for such trips is to stop very early for the night, that is unless you wish to have only your car to sleep in! The hotels and tourist camps along the way begin to fill up as early as nine o'clock. But, of course being ignorant of this, at eleven o'clock the occupants of "Liz" were still on the way.

Around 11:30 we all began to be quite sleepy and decided that perhaps we had better find some nice rooms and get a good night's sleep. And that was when our trouble started! For three solid hours we stopped at every hotel and tourist

camp that came in sight, and at every single one of them we got the same answer, "No vacancy." By two o'clock I had great difficulty keeping my eyes open!

My mother kept telling me to try to go to sleep there in the back seat, but I guess I'm one of those people who, no matter how tired they are, can only fall asleep in a real bed! For try as I would to get into a comfortable position, I couldn't. As soon as I would get settled, I would get the most awful pain in my neck! After about an hour of this, I gave the whole thing up.

Between three o'clock and four o'clock, we didn't see one building along the road. We were all so exhausted and discouraged, that we rode in utter silence. I began to wonder about the outcome of this trip. If this was only the beginning, how would we feel after six or seven more days? I felt quite sure that if I had to endure any more of this, I wouldn't live to see California!

Then, when all hope was gone, we entered a fair-sized town, the first we had seen since afternoon. Right there, on the main street, was a hotel. At four o'clock in the morning, four weary, disheveled travelers entered what we learned later was the best hotel in town, and begged the clerk for a room. At long last, here was a place to sleep!

A little later, as I was falling off to sleep, I wondered what awaited us along the thousands of miles that lay ahead.

Margaret Willett, '51

RINGSIDE SEAT

Slowly the Reds were gaining ground on their black-coated foes, pushing them back over the crest of the hill. The Blacks were fighting bravely, but now their leaders

were signaling for a retreat and the intense fighting with body to body combat ceased for a short spell. Then, spurred on with renewed vigor and a wider formation, the Blacks held their ground and even commenced to break the enemy main force with this new assault.

The Reds, now realizing they could not stand this new offensive with the Blacks using all their reserve strength, plunged back down the hill they thought such a short time ago they had won. Seeing their only hope was to try to corner the Blacks, they spread out in different groups to attack the oncoming enemy.

As the Blacks reached the foot of the hill, they were hit from all directions and at once became dazed and disorganized. It was man to man and each one for himself in this raging battle.

The fighting had spread in all directions and I peered closely to see who would emerge the victor. So engrossed was I in the exciting drama of the battle, I didn't see Black reinforcements coming from all directions, including my immediate vicinity. Suddenly, to my horror, I found myself sitting entirely surrounded by hordes of Black soldiers emerging from their sand castle on which I had been seated. Springing to my feet I brushed frantically, and many large Black ants suddenly found themselves air-borne as I hastily left the battle scene.

Ann Bullock, '54

IT'S A DOG'S LIFE

My name is Sam, yah just plain Sam. A couple days ago the mister and missus came home from the hospital with something wrapped in a load of blankets. It seemed awful queer—after all it was seventy-two degrees outside. When I

came out of my boogie orange-colored doghouse to greet them, as all good dogs like me should, they walked right past me. They didn't even look at me. Well, I didn't mind that, after all they're pretty excited.

The first night it rained, and my boogie orange-colored doghouse began to leak, but to top that off, I couldn't get to sleep because all I could hear was a loud painful cry coming from the house, like someone was getting stuck with a pin. A young healthy good-looking fellow like me needs plenty of snooze. But who can get it? Not me!

Well, the next morning I found that my breakfast plate was empty. You know breakfast is made of keen Ken L Ration, with lean red meat which is 99 44/100% inorganic matter. When I went in the house to investigate, the missus' broom threw me out, of course with the help of the missus. "What a revolting development dis is," said me.

Three days now, and look at my fur. It looks so shabby, and falling hair makes me look old.

One day company arrived, and I skooted in the house with them. I lay down in front of the television and began watching Faye Emerson, my favorite TV babe. Then I heard a booming voice ringing across the room. It was the mister. He asked me what I was doing in the house and I wisely answered, "I refuse to answer on the grounds that it may incriminate me."

It sure did incriminate me. It incriminated me right outside with help from the mister's size 11½ shoe.

Well, it seems that I'm not needed. I guess I'll join the Foreign K9 Legion and see the world, or go to Florida and see some cute cocker spaniels. Anyway, it's a dog's life.

John Slipkowsky, '54

VACATION

What will you do during your summer vacation? Perhaps you would like to drive through the mountains enjoying the cool breezes and natural wonders. On the other hand, you might prefer the seashore with its varying coastline of rocky cliffs and sandy beaches strewn with seaweed, seahells, driftwood, and other wreckage.

Some folks dream of a little camp set on a quiet lake in the

woods where they can be by themselves with no work to do, forgetting their troubles and just resting all day long. Others want a place by a quickly flowing stream where the fish are plentiful, the water cold, and luck good. But for me—just give me a hammock under a shady tree in my own back yard. With a tall glass of ginger ale in my hand and the ball game blaring away, I am perfectly contented.

George Knightly, '52



POET'S CORNER

THE MAIN EVENT

The crowd is packed into the wrestling hall,

'Cause this match should really beat 'em all.

It's 6'7", Tarzan Kowalski, weighing 273,

In street clothes, his body forms a perfect "v".

His opponent is 6'1", Yukon Eric, tonight,

He's 275 lb. of muscle and mite.

One fall to finish, who will win?

Will it be with a dropkick, or an airplane spin?

There's the bell and here we go, Into the main event of another thrilling wresling show.

After 19 minutes of hold for hold, The match is very even, as was foretold.

But there's Yukon Eric with a block off the ropes,

Will this mean the crushing of Tarzan's hopes?

No! This time Eric is met with a drop kick to the face,

The fans are screaming all over the place.

A back breaker and body press by Tarzan, 1-2-3,

Yukon Eric is beaten, for Kowalski it's victory.

It's a great victory for Kowalski, you can hear the fans' shouts, He'll surely get top billings in future bouts.

As for Yukon Eric, this match has made him mad and still madder, For a win would have meant a rung higher in wresling's golden ladder.

Well, that's it. Goodnight all you nice people,

From your wrestling sports caster, Jack Steeple. David Jackson, '54

AMERICA

The rolling hills, the open plain, The ocean waves, a country lane, From tree tops high, and out to sea, Means only one great word to me. The place where we do proudly boast,

That freedom reigns from coast to coast.

The people here have right to say The way to govern and to pray.

A little child can live his life,
In harmony and free from strife.
He grows to manhood day by day,
And is free to live in his own way.

This wondrous land proves once
again,
That God sends grace to worthy
men.
He favors us, so let's all say,
"God bless America" --- as we pray.
Ann Hickey, '51

THE ADVENTURES OF CASEY

The crucial game was ending,
The score tied three to three,
Whoever won would be the champ,
Tops in the world would he be.

Mudville was battling Sheboygan,
The team which had great fame,
But to all the fans of Mudville,
Casey was the name.

This was Casey Jr.,
A very husky fellow,
He looked like a giant gorilla,
And his voice was deep like a bel-
low.

Sheboygan had a killer,
His name was Georgie Foxx,
While Casey looked like a gorilla,
Georgie was built like an ox.

In this final contest,
Casey and Foxx struck the blows,
And with the last inning upon us,
A tie score is what the board shows.

Sheboygan was up in the first half,
The fans all started to shout,
But the first two of the batters,
Immediately struck out.

The next one up was Georgie Foxx,
He was a mighty sight,
But apparently Georgie was wor-
ried,
And he hit a fly to right.

A roar came up from the Mudville
fans,
As Casey walked up to the platter,
He took a look at the outfield,
And he hoped the fences he'd shat-
ter.

The first pitch to him was a strike,
The second was one, too,
The third came up like a bullet,
But what should Casey do?

He swung the bat with all his
might,
From the crowd there came a howl.
Casey looked as white as a ghost,
As the umpire shouted, "Foul".

The next pitch came with blaze and
speed,
But what did Casey do?
Tune in same station tomorrow,
We'll bring the news to you.

And meanwhile, eat your "Mun-
chies",
The cereal in the box so bright,
Tomorrow's "Adventure of Casey",
Will see if your guess was right.
Martha Cavallaro, '54

JOHNSON JINKS

At Johnson High, I must admit,
Things happen fast and snappy,
Not *common* things, but rare and
odd,
That keep our classes happy.

A kitty came to call on us
And stayed 'most all the night,
But no one petted *that* black cat,
For he was striped with white.

In Senior Social class one day,
A bat swooped through the air,
As all the boys chased it around,
The girls covered their hair.

If a big dog strolls into French
Or if the rooms don't heat,
We all laugh and say once more
That Johnson can't be beat.

M. A. Maynard, 51

IT'S SPRING !

Poems by Marjorie Terret and Mary Ann Maynard

Art work by Barbara Deighan



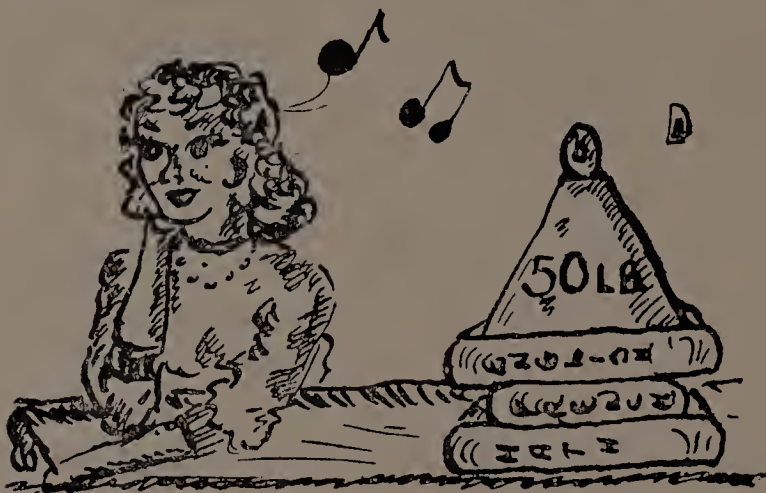
SPRING FEVER

Spring fever's struck at John-
son High,
The sickness is wide-spread,
For every student shuns his
books
And thinks of fun instead.



THE PICNIC

With hotdogs burning on the
sticks
And softball games galore,
The Senior class goes picnic-
ing
Down on the sandy shore.



PROMITIS

This very strange and rare
disease
Comes with the Spring each
year,
And talk of dresses, bands,
and dates
Is all the teachers hear.

THE BOTONISTS

Miss Chapman's room is
 gay and bright
 With flowers by the score.
 Her classes bring in all
 they can
 And then go back for more.



BASEBALL

A baseball game is fine to
 watch
 On balmy, warm Spring
 days,
 And when the umpire yells,
 "Strike three!"
 We all shout our hurrahs!



THE NATURE LOVERS

The nature lovers roam the
 fields
 When Mr. Lee's class meets
 How much more fun to be
 outdoors
 Than working at their
 seats!



GRADUATION

As graduation night draws
 near
 We picture gowns and
 caps,
 And graduates, so loathe
 to leave
 'Mid smiles and tears and
 claps.



TALK OF THE SCHOOL



While everyone was hustling about, preparing for the May dance, Doug Alexander and Eddie Saul went up to the storeroom to look for the May Pole. As they were searching, Doug put his foot down, and suddenly the floor just wasn't there. They thought it was just a little loose, and forgot it.

Meanwhile, Shorthand II was going on in the Type Room, and, without any warning, the plaster began to fall. Tom Spedding, who was at the mimeograph, almost got "beaned", and Ellen Driscoll leaped for the nearest exit.

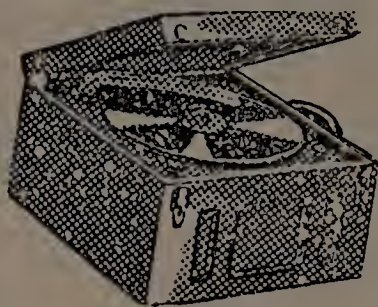
Mr. Hayes was summoned at once, and he went up to the storeroom to investigate. The boys told him of the little episode, and everything was clear.

Now, when you see the hole in the ceiling of Room 17, you'll know how it got there.

The Senior Math Class made three outdoor excursions in the past few weeks to practice using a transit. This was a welcome change from its usual math periods on these warm spring days.

For the first time in the history of the school, the students are going to have a midnight supper after the Prom. This is a new idea, proposed to lessen the danger of accidents by students speeding to eating places after the Prom.

A committee was selected to investigate various local halls that would be suitable for the supper and to make all necessary arrangements. Those on the committee are Bob Stewart, Mary Ann Maynard, Mike Scheipers, Jean Calder, George Knightly, Carolyn Dushame, George Schofield, and Marion Bamford.



RECORD

JOURNAL RECEIVES AWARDS

The Journal has had the unusual honor of receiving two of the Boston Globe school publications awards.

Barbara Deighan was awarded a certificate of Honorable Mention,

equivalent to second prize, and five dollars for her fine design of a skater in the February Journal, and Marjorie Terret received the Honorable Mention certificate and ten dollars for the best high school magazine among schools with from 250 to 750 pupils.

The Journal staff is proud of these awards, since the competition is keen. All high schools in Boston and suburban towns are eligible and some 400 schools take part in the contest. M. A. M.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NEWS

This April one of our more active Johnson High School students, Carolyn Manchester, moved to Holden, a town near Worcester, Massachusetts. Carolyn was an honor student and a member of the Journal Staff at Johnson. We are quite sure that Johnson's loss is Holden's gain.

M. M.

JUNIOR CLASS NEWS

During the first week of May, a meeting was called for all who are planning to attend the Junior-Senior Prom on Friday evening, June 8. Results of the meeting were to make arrangements as to where we shall go to eat after the Prom. Rolling Ridge, which is here in North Andover, was suggested. There were four students chosen from both the Junior and Senior Classes to make up a committee to decide on this question. From the Junior Class were chosen Marion Bamford, George Schofield, Carolyn Dushame, and George Knightly.

F. T.

SENIOR CLASS NEWS

The Class of '51 realized that graduation couldn't be too far around the corner at a recent class meeting. At that time, Mr. Hayes told the Seniors that the question of caps and gowns had again come up as it does every year around this time. Of course, everyone agreed that we would have them at our graduation because they add such a nice touch to the program.

Then Mr. Hayes requested that everyone hand in to the office their measurements for the caps and gowns as soon as possible, so the matter could be taken care of.

As graduation draws nearer, plans must be made for that very important event, the class picnic. Recently a committee was appointed to make all the necessary arrangements. Those on the committee include Martha Seymour, Mary Boyle, Jean Calder, Barbara Deighan, Evelyn Roache, Mike Scheipers, Al Seyfferth, Alan Roger, Paul Driscoll, and Bob Stewart.

Each year the Sons of the American Revolution present to some Senior boy their Good Citizenship Award. This is given on the basis of service, dependability, leadership and patriotism. The Seniors picked five boys who, they felt, possessed these qualities. The faculty will now pick one of these boys who will then receive the award. The boys that were chosen are Tony Galvagna, Mike Scheipers, Bob Stewart, Fred Marland, and Jack Pearl.

One of our best-liked classmates, Ann Hickey, is the victim of a very unfortunate accident and as a result of it will be forced to stay out of school for some time. We all miss Ann, and the class joins in wishing her a rapid recovery.

M. W.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club's "Fashion Show" was very successful. The show was divided into five scenes: Breakfast, Going to Church, Preparing for the Beach, At the Beach, and Evening.

Mrs. Colby, president of the Vesper George School of Art, gave an interesting and enlightening lecture, before the members of the club, on careers in art, decorating,

and designing. She displayed many beautiful pictures and materials which the students had an opportunity to view after her lecture.

A. J. G.

BOOSTERS' CLUB

Under the expert instruction of Mr. Lee, the Boosters' Club has had dancing lessons. He taught the club members how to get the rhythm of the music and a few basic steps.

At their last meeting the club discussed several places that would be suitable to attend after the Prom.

A. J. G.

KNITTING CLUB

The Knitting Club members have been very busy knitting many beautiful and useful garments. Some of the articles which they are making are socks, mittens, sweaters and gloves. One girl is knitting a beautiful afghan. The members of this club have some wonderful things to show for their year's work.

M. B.

ART CLUB

Recently the Art club invited Mrs. Colby of the Vesper George School of Art to speak to many of the boys and girls at Johnson. She spoke about the usefulness of art both as an occupation and a hobby.

The members of this club are in the midst of making puppets and they hope to have a puppet show in the near future. The club also is intending to visit the art display in Andover, Massachusetts.

M. B.

READING CLUB

The Reading Club members have discussed a variety of books from many different periods. The members have read the works of many different authors. They have seen

an enjoyable fashion show which was put on by the members of the Dramatic Club. Also they were entertained by Mrs. Colby whom the Art Club invited to Johnson.

The members of the Reading Club are planning to have a hot dog roast in Harold Parker Reservation in Andover, Massachusetts.

M. B.

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

The Photography Club recently enjoyed a movie entitled "How to Make Movies". The members also were shown movies taken by Robert McMurray, Vice-President of the club.

Mr. Saunders gave a talk on enlarging photographs to the club recently.

A. G.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

On April 23 the girls in the Commercial Club enjoyed the art lecture given by Mrs. Colby from the Vesper George School of Art.

To terminate the club year, the Commercial Club will present an interesting play entitled "The Interview."

A. G.

HOBBY CLUB

Throughout the year the Hobby Club has seen movies regularly.

On May 14 the club held its annual hobby display, which was enjoyed by members of other clubs.

A trip to Canobie Lake is expected to provide the perfect close to a fun-filled year.

A. G.

BLOCK PRINTING CLUB

The girls have been busy as bees printing and painting kerchiefs and skirts. They are really lovely, girls! You do beautiful work.

Up to now, no plans have been made for an end-of-the-year party or outing.

A.G.

CHEFS' CLUB

The members of the Chefs' Club have been very busy making many delicious dishes. Some of them are butterscotch rolls, apple turnovers, apple pie with ice cream, and tapioca pudding. They are planning a trip to Kingston Park in New Hampshire. There the boys plan to prepare a full meal in the open fireplaces.

M. B.

MODEL BUILDERS' CLUB

The Model Builders Club members are making several models of airplanes, automobiles, homes, and airplane bases. It is certainly interesting to watch them at work.

M. B.

STUDENT COUNCIL DANCE

The Student Council dance found the hall transformed with a May Pole, streamers of all colors, and bright yellow forsythia.

A large crowd danced to the music of George Emmons.

M. A. M.

TRIP TO A HOSPITAL

Tuesday, April 10, 1951, a group of girls interested in nursing spent the day at the Lawrence General Hospital. They were greeted by Miss Nelson and introduced to the staff.

After signing the guest book, the girls were divided into two smaller groups. These groups performed an experiment to prove the presence of bacteria in our bodies and were shown how to prepare a hypodermic which was given to Mary Chase, the doll patient. The girls were later served dinner and were shown the nurses' residence.

The whole day was full of activity and helped to give the girls a brief glimpse of the life of a nurse.

J. L.

ASSEMBLY REPORT

On March 28, 1951, Mr. Hayes called the student body together during the first period. The purpose of this assembly was to inform the students as to the procedure used in selling tickets for the annual school play. Mr. Hayes stressed the fact that it is an all-school project in which both students and teachers participate. He also mentioned the fact that one half of the money which a class turns in on ticket sales is credited to that class's treasury.

Following the ticket sale announcement, Mr. Hayes introduced Miss I. Cook, faculty advisor for the Johnson Chapter of the National Honor Society. Miss Cook announced to the assembly that seven new members would be taken into the society. Following a short speech by the president, Barbara A Watts, '51, Mr. Hayes read the names of the new members and asked them to come forward in order to receive their membership cards and pins. To conclude the program, all the society's members repeated the pledge after Miss Cook.

There were four seniors and three sophomores admitted. They were: Richard Banks, Ann Gioco, Noranne Mahoney, Evelyn Roche, Marie Mastin, Nancy Lawlor, and Sandra Vose.

J. C. B.

STUDENT COUNCIL NEWS

The Student Council is now issuing a monthly bulletin that will serve to keep the rest of the school informed on the Council's activities.

A moving-picture project was recently undertaken by the Council. This movie will include various classes, clubs and random shots of the school. The members thought it best if the movie displayed some continuity and thought a script should be used. The writing of the

script was left to the various English classes, and among the scripts written, the entry judged the best was that of Betty Duncan. Extensive plans are being made on this project, and it will be continued and finished next year.

The Student Council was responsible for forming the new Tennis Club. A tennis program, which resembles the recess activities program, was successfully planned and completed. Pupils may sign up for any weekday after school to play tennis for a small fee.

Once again we shall have a ping-pong tournament sponsored by the Student Council and the two final winners, (first and second), will be awarded gold and silver medals respectively.

B. W.

GUIDANCE OFFICE NEWS

On April 26th, Miss Kerr of the Boston Comptometer School came

and gave a demonstration of a comptometer and told of the positions open in this field for high school graduates.

On May 3rd, Mr. King, credit manager of Sears and Roebuck, talked on the necessity of having a good credit rating and about buying on installment.

On May 10, Mr. James Finn showed a movie on training at New England Aircraft School.

J. C.

BASKETBALL MEETING

A basketball meeting was recently held and plans were formed to spend a few days at the beach. Mrs. Bateman offered the team the use of her cottage at York Beach, Maine. The team accepted this offer and a food and transportation committee was formed to draw up the plans. The date decided on was June 23-26.

B. D.

SPORTS



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Congratulations to Betty Corcoran on being elected captain of the Girls' Basketball Team for the 1952 season.

Betty, petite and vivacious, has been playing since 1949. Her speed on the court is known to all, her shots are well placed, and her tallying, from her position of right forward, is good.

Betty expressed the desire to have the team play in the Lowell Suburban League next year. If this can be arranged, an exciting basketball season will follow.

Best of luck to Betty and the team.

BOYS' BASEBALL

The Johnson '51 baseball season opened the first week of April with all candidates reporting to the ball field. As time progressed and the first game drew nearer, Mr. Lee proceeded to select the most likely looking aspirants for the varsity.

The nine of Zuill, pitcher, Alexander, catcher, Knightly, first base, Stewart, second base, Belyea, third base, Palmieri, short stop, Schofield, left field, Marland, center field, and Driscoll, right field, was chosen to start in the initial contest. This lineup has been revised somewhat over the 14 game schedule of which nine games have been

played. Others to see much action thus far in the season have been N. Cardwell, R. Thomson, and J. McMurray.

At the moment the team has emerged victorious in four contests, while dropping five decisions to the

opposition. Perhaps with the confidence which the already played games have given it, the team will be able to turn a mediocre season into a comparatively successful one. We wish the team the best of luck in the remaining games.



EXCHANGES

EXCHANGE COLUMN

We would like to thank the following schools for their interesting publications which we have received during this school year. These papers have been both helpful and entertaining to the members of the Journal Staff.

The Oriole — Richland Center High School, Richland Center, Wisconsin.

The Canary — Allentown High School, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Swampscotta - Swampscott High School, Swampscott, Mass.

The Holten — Danvers High School, Danvers, Mass.

The Sagamore — Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

Newtonite - Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

The Record - Newburyport High School, Newburyport, Mass.

The Aegis — Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

The Archon - Governor Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.

The Lawrencian — Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.

Brown and Gold — Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass.

The Reflector — Central Junior High School, Saginaw, Michigan.

The Headlight — Marblehead High School, Marblehead, Mass.

The Lookout — Wakefield High School, Wakefield, Mass.

Boston University News — Boston University, Boston, Mass.

Blue and White — Searles High School, Methuen, Mass.

The Tattler — Nashua High School, Nashua, N. H.

Northeastern News — Northeastern University, Boston, Mass.

Skool Nooz — Randolph High School, Randolph, Vermont

Lasell News — Lasell Junior College, Auburndale, Mass.

Chanticleer - Weston High School, Weston, Mass.

Topsenews — Topsfield High School, Topsfield, Mass.

Oracle — Wilmington High School, Wilmington, Mass.

Western Graphic — Colorado Women's College, Denver, Colorado

Jeunesse — Brussels, Belgium



JOKES

JOKES

A lot of motorists could afford to be a little more superstitious--believe in signs, you know.

Mr. Finneran, one day in S. S. S.:
"Can anyone tell me what a budget is?"

Punky: "A family quarrel."

"How did this terrible accident happen?" asked the horrified policeman.

"My wife fell asleep in the back seat," mumbled the dazed motorist.

"Tell me, who is really the boss in your house, Joe?" inquired a friend.

"Well," said Joe thoughtfully, "of course Maggie assumes command of the children, the servants, the cat, and the canary. But I say pretty much what I please to the goldfish."

"How can you tell a North Korean from a South Korean?" Bob Hope asked a battle-grimed G. I.

"That's easy," said the soldier soberly. "Just go to the front, and turn your back."

"I would like some cigars," the young bride told the clerk.

"Fairly strong?"

"Yes, please. The ashes kept breaking off the last ones I bought," said she.

Boss: "Why were you late this morning, James?"

James: "There are eight of us, sir, in the family, all sleeping in the same room -- but the alarm was only set for seven."

Mother: "Johnny, what's all that racket you're making in the pantry?"

Johnny: "I'm fighting temptation."

Little girls choose dolls for toys,
While soldiers are the choice of boys;

But when they're grown up you will find

That each has had a change of mind.

The girls prefer the soldiers then,
And baby dolls attract the men.

The absent-minded professor was deep at work when his wife called: "Henry, Henry, the baby swallowed the ink. What shall I do?"

"Write with pencil," came the dreamy reply.

The same professor was having his teeth fixed and the dentist asked: "Will you take gas?"

"Yes," replied the professor, "and you'd better check the oil, too."

We are indebted to current programs and publications for our jokes.

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